

IT WAS LIKE THIS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

How normal it is for aged members in every generation to iterate and reiterate that; "Things were not like this when we were young", even though our five senses tell us that nothing is new outside Eden: Adam and Eve once they had fallen for the Devil's blandishments were ashamed of their nakedness, and it was not just material benefits they lost, they were stripped of integrity as well; their son Cain murdered his brother and fled - unrepentant - closing his eyes to righteousness, settled we are told, in the land of Nod, "married 'out'" and bred a race alienated from his Creator.

Adam, meanwhile, having had another son, Seth, to take the place of the murdered Abel became the fount of patriarchs and prophets but after nearly two thousand years had passed, the sons of Seth met and were attracted to the daughters of the alien race of Cain and the unions between them produced such a mixed bunch that by the time of Noah, God was regretting that he had created mankind at all, and decided to destroy them all -- only Noah "found grace before the Lord", and so, directed to build an ark and given the dimensions thereof to enable him to house himself, his family, and a pair of every type of creature, did, by the mercy of God, survive the Deluge: and so on and so on through the subsequent generations piled sin upon sin and the wages thereof. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; the confusion of the Tower of Babel; the slavery in Egypt; ingratitude in the desert; the worship of the Golden Calf.... then back to square one: Moses and the Ten Commandments; the Promised Land; the Temple of Solomon; all punctuated with repudiations of the prophets: falls from grace, salutary punishments followed by repentance, victories then again defeats and so on through the ages until today it looks very much as if the human race is once again facing the nadir and this time no ark of refuge is prescribed only the bleak hills to shiver upon if we have neglected to pick up a mantle of grace which alone can save us from the damnation we will have brought upon ourselves.

It is an aphorism that "History repeats itself" which should not surprise us; if we *will* insist upon dosing ourselves with poison whenever the label on the bottle is sufficiently seductive, it is obvious that soon or late we shall be too fatally addicted even to look for the antidote let alone administer the required remedial dosage and thus acquire the will and the strength to repel and/or destroy the poisoners before they destroy us -- forever.

The antidote, as we well know, is **TRUTH - TRUTH - TRUTH....**

See that your children and your neighbour's children have access to it in its irresistible manifestation: the Gospel of God Almighty.

As the child said: "Surely HE is not just All-MIGHT-HE: HE is: All-CAN-HE.

And don't forget to keep your powder dry. R de B.

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OBITUARY:- Casimir Marmaduke de Bouneville D.F.C.

We have been informed that this year is the centenary of the birth of Sir Oswald Mosley, and it has been suggested by a number of writers that we ought to mark this fact in some way in *Candour*. Whilst his great talents are not denied, it has to be said that his immense weaknesses were such that he vitiated the efforts of a soldier-generation to regain their homeland. This may be hard to take for those who only see a positive side in Mosley, but it was, nonetheless, the considered opinion of A.K. Chesterton, the Founder of *Candour* and one of Mosley's most effective propaganda chiefs. In writing History, we have to see the Bad alongside the Good, so as to appreciate fully the latter in its true perspective. It is for this reason that we publish the resignation letter of A.K. Chesterton, a letter written only a year after he had penned the laudatory biography, *Oswald Mosley, Portrait of a Leader* - a book that he later regretted writing for many a long year.

Furthermore, it should not be forgotten that whilst A.K. continued to write, speak and fight *in the frontline* until his death - a struggle that was fraught, painful, but manly - Mosley, 'the Leader', took himself off into exile to await "*the call of the English people*", a call that *never* came and was *never seriously expected*. Whatever mistakes A.K. may have made - and he certainly made them! - it is quite clear that he never gave up the fight until he took his last breath; and this is the measure of the man.

If anniversaries are times for reflection, let them be times of reflection based upon reality, not wishful thinking. This is the greatest and most charitable thing that can be undertaken for the memory of *any* man, and for the *wise instruction* of future generations.

“WHY I LEFT MOSLEY.”

by A.K. Chesterton.

Among those whom I persuaded to join the British Union of Fascists, or to stay in when their inclination was to walk out, there is a strong feeling that an explanation is due from me as to why I should now have broken with Mosley. This demand strikes me as just, and I therefore meet it with candour.

I left because I became convinced that the BUF was playing about with a great idea and producing in its own organization a parody of Fascist thought and principle. I might have continued trying to galvanize the unhappy corpse into a semblance of life had I not come to the conclusion that it was not so much any particular coterie that stood in the way of revolutionary advance as blindspots in Mosley's own mind. I have been amazed that a man so dynamic on the platform should prove so unimaginative, so timid, so lacking in initiative and resource.

BLUFF AND FAVOURITISM.

When the *Public Order Act* was being prepared, Mosley went about telling his followers that he had remarkable counter-measures up his sleeve. That was eighteen months ago. Where are they? Those who drew up the *Act* could not more unerringly have gauged the helplessness of Mosley's mentality.

This inertia is reflected at his headquarters. The staff can only be trusted to carry out an infinite number of times what it has done so often as to have become routine. When new ideas are put forward the look of displeasure on many faces is almost comic as the immediate search begins for reasons to justify their rejection. I might have tried to make the best of the howling mindlessness had I not seen that it was under Mosley's protection. In order to back up his favourites there is no affront which he will refuse to offer to commonsense and no specious excuse he will hesitate to advance. Had I been able to put with these things and with the intrigues which are part of the petty power politics within the Movement, my resignation would nonetheless have been dictated by Mosley's own close association with the intrigues. Issues primarily affecting one's own department were often 'cooked' to one's disadvantage at private conferences with Mosley to which one was *not* invited, so that later he would pronounce a verdict when he should have been calling for evidence. If a leader shows himself unable to maintain even the pretence of a judicial attitude in dealing with his own organization, he can plead no convincing justification for the sacrifices which service to him impose.

MOSLEY'S "KEPT PRESS".

The public aspect of this shows itself in his refusal to deal objectively with the Movement's fortunes. "*Flops*" are written up as triumphs, and enormous pains are taken to titivate reports so as to give the impression of strength where there is weakness; of growth when there is decline; of influence when there is only indifference. Mosley takes the lead in thus hoodwinking his supporters and sometimes achieves the very sublimity of extravagance, as witness his boast that he had been the means of forcing Chamberlain to make friends with Italy. In a recent issue of his journal, there were two major attacks on the veracity of the national press, and yet in this very issue, to my certain knowledge, there were several statements which were sheer lies.

Fascism surely means something other than an attempt to replace ineptitude with an ineptitude still more lamentable, and should have some nobler inspiration than to oppose one kind of corruption with another still less pleasing to the nostrils. Indeed, the BUF is neither fascist in spirit nor in technique, and the one thing necessary to secure a national demonstration of this fact would be for Mosley to achieve the election to Parliament of most of his candidates, the majority of whom have been chosen for any reason under the sun other than an intellectual or spiritual fitness to serve as the torch-bearers of a new and vital creed.

I am not able to make up my mind whether Mosley's qualities have deteriorated with the passage of time or whether so many of us were wrong in the first place in attributing the rise of what was once a superb revolutionary movement solely to the genius of its creator. The truth is probably that the spirit evoked four or five years ago - a spirit full of aspiration and daring equal to any task - owed much of its inspiration to Mosley's great personality, but that it was kept alive by the grand fellows towards whose departure so much care and effort would appear to have been spent.

The most damning indictment of the BUF is its reckless irresponsibility towards the services of men who could have seen it through to victory - in organization, men like Forgan, Gueroult, Moore, Vincent; in propaganda, Joyce, Beckett, McNabb, Probyn and many others who rendered loyal and distinguished service; in the ranks, almost all of the brave followers who endured frequent bashings in protection of Mosley's person from assault. Not only has Mosley got rid of these first-rate fascists, or let them drift away in disgust with an ease which only his overweening self-confidence can explain, but in many cases this fine service is repaid by personal bitterness which does not scorn to feed upon the rankest injustice in order to secure the spurious justification for its folly, and so excuse the irreparable harm which *he* has done to a Cause which was theirs no less than his - theirs if it be granted that at one time at least the BUF aspired to be something more than a projection of the Mosley ego.

THE SANCTUARY CIRCUS.

And what remains? First the ringmaster of the whole circus who, as Director-General, has been pre-eminently successful in securing unto himself every vestige of administrative power irrespective of his capacity to put it to good use, and despite his temperamental reluctance to allow others to get on with jobs he has not the gumption to do himself. Then, there is the gentleman who pursues a barren course from branch to branch, assuring members that "*propaganda is no mysterious thing*", exhorting them all in the heroic language of the market-place to "*sell Mosley*", and instructing them - to show what a flair he has for revolutionary propaganda - to go out and do what the inhabitants would be likely most to abominate - a clear injunction to bawl in church, to dilute the beer, to desecrate the war memorial and to kidnap on the eve of a Cup Tie the star performer of their favourite football team.

Yet this man is Mosley's chief contact with his membership!

Third in the hierarchy is dear old Colonel Triplicate who was encountered on the morning of the Austro-German Anschluss by a colleague who remarked: "*Exciting news this morning*". "*Eh! What news?*" "*Why Austria!*" "*Oh yes, I saw something about it in the paper*". (Pause) "*I suppose there is nothing we can do about it, is there?*". Next comes an ex-Natal policeman whose mind is even more innocent of political ideas, and who accompanies Colonel Triplicate every week to the "*Leader's Conference*", there to sit with him and similar types in unrelieved dumbness while matters of high policy are supposed to be discussed. Add to this assortment a Director of Policy who flops around the building like a distressed hen uttering such stirring dicta as "*Whatever we do, we must not attack Schussnigg*".

Add a Foreign Affairs merchant who, at the beginning of the Franco business, expressed his expert opinion that whatever happened in Spain would concern the peninsula alone, producing no European repercussions, and whose latest view is that the patriotic BUF must not attack the Peace Pledge Union because the pacifists may be useful allies in the event of war.

Add a couple of nondescript women, avidly nursing what they believe to be great and luminous "*careers*", subtract two men with real political sense, whose influence is steadily on the wane, and in the residue behold the master-builders of the "*Greater Britain*". Only Mosley can contemplate this circus with becoming gravity.

OSWALD IN BLUNDERLAND.

But let nobody blame this coterie, imagining that it is something apart from its leader and alien to his spirit. That is a mistake too many of us have made. Mosley is the chief partner in this absurd little set which is a reflex of something real and large in his own mind. I have never known him give a decision against his favourites, or fail to come to their help when they have been embarrassed, or maintain any semblance of a judicial attitude when their interests were involved.

Clearly, they are very valuable to him: he finds them comfortable men, shielding him from the impact of every reality, subjecting him to no heartsearchings, no self-analysis, no stress or turmoil of intellectual conflict out of which great things might be born. He "*admires them more and more*" and for them he accounts well lost the bustling personalities, the real revolutionaries, who have gone from him *never* to return. As all this knowledge was borne in upon my reluctant mind, I came to see that any further wasting of my time would be absurd, and any further persuasion of others to waste theirs would be dishonest.

I hail Mosley for his great gifts, but because of his great weaknesses I also say "*Farewell*" and thus leave him in placid contentment with the travesty of his own principle which ensures that in any movement of which he is the head, great position shall be accorded only to great incompetence.

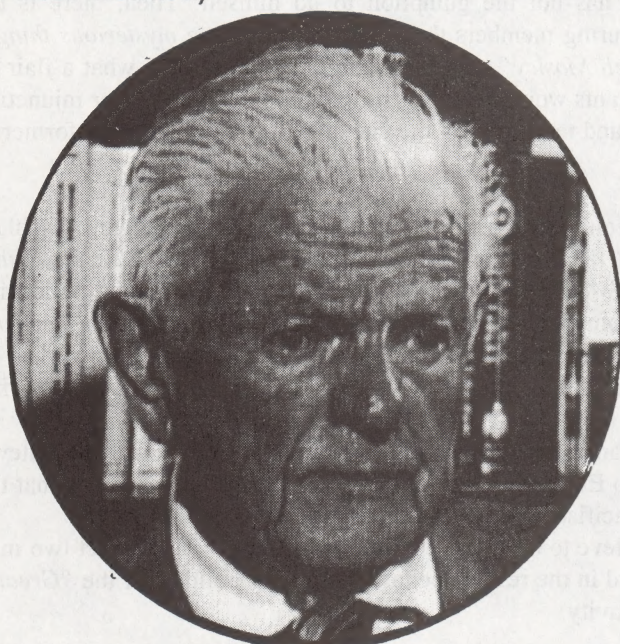
(Reprinted in the Thirties by *The Right Review* and published by the William Joyce's National Socialist League.)

"Governments under democracy ... are at the dual mercy of financial or class interests on the one hand, and of an electorate fed by falsehoods from Press and Party on the other. Leadership under such conditions becomes impossible; it must turn coward and opportunist even to endure ... Should the more selfish have the liberty to plunder the unselfish? Should the more powerful class have the liberty to exploit the less powerful? Democracy cannot answer these questions. It is why democratic 'freedom' is championed by such sinister people." A. K. Chesterton. (*Fascist Week*, 12 - 18th January 1934.)

The Dodd Report to the American People

(In the September 1995 issue of *Candour* we led with an article titled 'Solving a Puzzle of Modern History' since then we have re-discovered, in the *Candour Library* an original booklet which gives much more detail on this subject and more in-depth information about NORMAN DODD formerly Research Director of The Reece Committee, 83rd Congress.) This talk was given on the 20th March 1956 at Hunter College Assembly Hall, New York City, to members of The Alliance and Guests.

(Why he regards the cultural experiments of our Tax - Exempt American Foundations to be an indirect, but effective, contribution to Communism - how he reached this conclusion - and what he believes should be done by the people of the United States to offset the effects of these mistakes.)



Norman Dodd

"Members of the Alliance -- Your Guests -- Ladies and Gentlemen:

Ever since the Reece Committee disclosed that funds at the disposal of Trustees of tax-exempt Foundations had been used to prepare us, culturally, for a *government of men* in place of a *government of law*, I have looked forward to explaining to the American people *why* I regard this use of funds by these respected gentlemen as an indirect, but nonetheless effective contribution to Communism - and how I reached such an heretical conclusion.

By honoring me with an invitation to address you tonight, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt have graciously provided me with that opportunity.

But before I begin, I would like to dedicate what I shall say - with fondness and admiration - to

-HON. B. CARROLL REECE-

Republican Member of the House of Representatives from Johnson City, Tennessee - whose masterly exhibition of courage and control in the face of an attack upon American concepts by unseen and, as yet, unidentified enemies was no less inspiring than was his display of those attributes when, in World War I, he was

subjected to the fire of those who had openly declared themselves determined to destroy the values which these concepts represent.

I hope this reminder of the resolute example which Mr. Reece set during the Hearings will inspire those who intend to defend these values to emulate him by drawing upon like resources within themselves.

I want you to know that, tonight, I represent no one but myself, that the thoughts I shall express will be wholly mine, and that I willingly assume full responsibility for them. In order that you may fully comprehend my meaning, I shall define certain words I shall use which may have a different meaning for you:

Foundation - That legal instrument, or form of ownership, to which men of wealth resort when they desire that wealth to serve a public, rather than a private, purpose.

Economics - The applied science of stewardship, or of administering the results of production.

Ethics - The applied science of statesmanship, or of managing the effects of human association.

Capitalism - The art of using wealth to produce more wealth.

Finance - The art of using money to produce more money.

Money - Man's measure of his productivity, or the means to which he is compelled to resort, by society, in order to calculate the worth of what he produces. Money is a *measure* - it is *not* wealth.

Conformism - Suppliant compliance, or the negative art of adjusting to circumstance.

In the sense that I shall use these terms, *Foundations* are synonymous with *endowments* - *Economics*, with the knowledge upon which we must draw to achieve *equity* - *Ethics*, with the knowledge upon which we depend for the achievement of *justice* - and *Capitalism* is synonymous with man's *use of tools* - and *Finance*, with *banking*.

Historically, however, as we have practiced Capitalism, it has been the means by which we, who once possessed sovereignty, have proved unworthy of its benefits. In perspective, Communism is the means whereby we are prevented from overcoming this weakness - and Socialism is our attempted rationalisation of both.

Two years ago when, as Research Director of the Special Committee of the House of Representatives To Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, 83rd Congress, I wrote my report to its five Members, it was my hope to acquaint them thereby with the scope of the subject which the Congress had directed them to examine and consider. I also hoped to inform them of the nature of the findings of the Staff and to alert them to the controversial aspects of these findings.

Specifically, this report revealed that, as long ago as the turn of the Century, some of the funds committed to the care of the Trustees of American Foundations had been used to meet the cost of designing, testing, adopting, perfecting, justifying, disseminating, and perpetuating curricula whose principal effect, in the face of our unparalleled development of productive wealth, has been to cast doubt upon - if not to destroy - the

ethical climate which had been responsible for this remarkable achievement.

The report also called attention to the secondary effects of this violation of the fiduciary responsibilities of these Trustees. It was discovered that -

those in control of American education had endorsed the transfer of responsibility for the economic aspect of our common good from the people, as sovereign citizens, to the Executive branch of our Federal Government -

that the majority of our electorate approved the usurpation by the Executive of the powers required to discharge this new responsibility -

and that Foundation Trustees so effectively exercise their censorship over education in the United States that it makes any scholarly criticism of this invasion of our sovereign rights useless.

The report acknowledged the incredible character of these findings and left to the Members of the Committee the task of accepting or rejecting them through their cross-examination of witnesses who would appear before them.

It was my intention then to clarify a very complex subject for a Congressional Committee. It is my purpose now to make it comprehensible to you. I hope I shall succeed for I believe it important that every citizen understand the influences to which he is subject and those to which he should be opposed.

I only wish this subject were a more pleasant one, but, since it is not, I must deal with it as it is - evidence that the respected gentlemen entrusted with the wealth which Foundations represent must have deemed it in their interest to change us from a people loyal to absolutes and principles, to one which denies their existence.

This statement may seem preposterous to you. Are not these men among our most successful citizens? Do they not profess allegiance to our country? Did they not have the benefit of backgrounds similar to ours? Were they not subjected to the same education as we? Is not their judgment sound?

Such questions immediately arise, and because a negative answer seems equally absurd, we must take their actions seriously and try to understand why they have supported projects so damaging to us. The spectacle of American wealth supporting un-American purposes is too grave to remain unexplored, and the emotional intensity with which these gentlemen react to the prospect of being questioned is too fraught with danger to be ignored.

Because men invariably blame others for that of which they are themselves guilty, it would seem imperative that we examine their motives. If these motives deserve criticism, exposure should be sufficient to nullify their effects. Like moles, when the roofs of their tunnels are removed, they are blinded by the light, then shrivel and pass into oblivion.

While Lucifer is, with God's consent, a part of life, his efficacy depends upon disguise. Seldom has he been known to declare himself. And there have been only a few who, like Dr. Faustus, were permitted to meet him face to face. Yet we know it is he who should be the object of that eternal vigilance which we are cautioned is "the condition upon which God hath given liberty to man."

Since subjects as complex as this are difficult to grasp as abstractions, I shall try to help you by sharing some of my own experiences. I apologise for reading from a manuscript. I prefer to speak informally, but because of the controversial and challenging nature of my conclusions, I do not wish to be misunderstood - nor misquoted. And I do not wish you to be accused of having heard things I did not say. Accusations can be unpleasant. And they will be made, because the conclusion which I shall be asking you to reach will contradict everything you have ever been taught or told. Specifically, it is this:

Both Communism and Socialism derive their support from Capitalism - and both flourish with the sanction of the Capitalist.

Until you can make this conclusion your own, today's happenings will continue to confuse you.

All my life I have been an idealist. By this I mean that *ideas* are more important to me than *deeds* - and *principles* of greater value than *practices* - regardless of the benefits these practices produce. It also means that I have the highest respect for Truth and for the discipline which Truth imposes upon us.

These conceptions were instilled in me by my Mother and Father at home - and, at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Yale, I was taught that the primary purpose of education was to put these concepts into practice. I may say that I know of no way for man to do this except through the medium of Capitalism - an art in which I believe, provided it is *disciplined*.

I introduce myself to you in this fashion because the day after my report on Foundations was publicly presented to the Reece Committee, I was privately told by Mr. Herman Edelsberg, the Washington representative of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, that the trouble with it was - it was *too objective* - that it failed to disclose the kind of person I was and thereby placed upon him and his associates in New York the burden of answering that question for themselves - before they could decide how to dispose of me. I don't want to repeat this mistake, in the event you feel obliged to do likewise.

Incidentally, the objectivity of which Mr. Edelsberg complained was intentional, and he was as aware as I that the report charged nothing, reflected no prejudice, represented no prejudgements. It merely delineated a subject for others to consider. By means of an objective report, I hoped to make it unreasonable for anyone to stigmatize the work of the Reece Committee as "anti-" anything, and equally unreasonable for anyone to level a similar charge against its Members - or the members of its Staff.

It therefore came as something of a shock to me last week when I read what I consider a far-fetched, warped and ill-conceived summary of the Committee's work which appeared in "Cross-Currents", a book by Arnold Foster and Benjamin R. Epstein, published officially on Thursday, March 15, 1956, by Doubleday & Company under the boastful and well-publicised auspices of the Anti-Defamation League, purporting to explain: "How Anti-Semitism is Used Today as a Political Weapon."

This summary consists of five paragraphs, contains approximately 570 words, and comes at the end of a chapter entitled, "The Reactionaries." In it, Americans like myself - who have expressed their belief in the

concepts embodied in our Founding Documents and shown a determination to conduct themselves accordingly - are inferentially charged with anti-Semitism.

Specifically, it accuses Mr. Reece of resorting to subterfuge in an effort to authenticate "with the seal of the United States Congress", a "grade of thought" to which he was sympathetic, and of indulging in "fantastic prejudgements" in an effort to achieve this purpose. It also accuses him of arranging for witnesses drawn from "his own adherents", and cites Aaron Sargent, Esq., of San Francisco, as an example.

To support them in these accusations, Messrs. Forster and Epstein cite the issuance of a "preliminary report" by Mr. Reece before the Foundations could defend themselves. It is this report to which I have already referred as having been written by me, for the reasons I have already stated. To further expose the fallacy of their statements, I quote from the speech of Hon. B. Carroll Reece in the House of Representatives as recorded in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD of Friday, August 20, 1954:

"And from what has happened in the last month, it is obvious that the large foundations are trying to make certain that never again will a mere committee of the Congress have the temerity to look into their social and political science activities and into their financial power.

"Let me review the method adopted by the committee.

"After discussing with the staff the best and fairest method of approaching this inquiry, we decided to inform the foundations in advance of the main lines of investigation.

"To me, this offered the foundations a tremendous advantage, knowing in advance the area of the inquiry.

"But this step was violently attacked as a prejudgment of the case, in spite of the fact that when the outline was presented by Mr. Dodd, the committee's director of research, he stated, and I quote:

" 'As this report will hereafter contain many statements which appear to be conclusive, I emphasize here that each of them must be understood to have resulted from studies which were essentially exploratory; in no sense should they be considered proved.' "

Admittedly, the authors of "Cross-Currents" do not level the charge of anti-Semitism in so many words against the Reece Committee, but these men do characterize the Committee and pass judgment upon the nature of its deliberations and the substance of its findings in their book, which has been presented to the public as "a carefully documented expose of a network of deliberate hate." This would appear to justify my conclusion that they believed the Reece Committee was motivated by anti-Semitism, or that they desired the readers of their book to suspect some of its Members of being victims of this emotion.

In either case, although they did not say so, Messrs. Forster and Epstein, when they decided to include their own version of the Reece Committee, seem to me to have been reasoning from a syllogism:

Modern education repudiates our Christian tradition -
Christians and Semites are religiously opposed -

Therefore, Christians who question modern education are anti-Semitic.

While I was Research Director of the Reece Committee, I was twice warned that the acceptability of

its findings was being jeopardized by the presence on its staff of an individual who was known to be anti-Semitic. It seems that on one or more occasions, this individual had mentioned having read books on the subject - some of which he, himself, possessed. (One of the books in question was *Waters Flowing Eastwards* by L. Fry. Ed.) Pressure to dismiss this member from the staff was exerted upon me through persons of importance in the office of the Republican National Committee. At the time, I wondered how I had escaped comparable criticism, since it was reasonably well known that I had read many books on this same subject and, of the six thousand which now comprise my library, there are a good many to which I frequently refer when I am called upon to counter this diabolical propaganda.

My own experiences have given me quite an insight into the origin and consequences of anti-Semitism. I can recall none which more glaringly depicts the artificiality of this *myth* than the one to which I have just referred, and I could dismiss it as a pitiable display of human ingenuity - were it not for the cruelty which it forebodes for those whom anti-Semitism has been falsely designed to protect.

The anti-Semitic charge brings to mind the Divine caution: "Judge not, that you may not be judged." It seems to me this warning could hardly be more appropriate for those who indulge in such abuse - those whom Mr. Edelsberg described to me as "the most powerful in the world." In a conversation some three months earlier, he had said: "There comes a time in the life of every organisation established for purposes like those of the Anti-Defamation League when it becomes so powerful that it would be best that it liquidate." He then added, understandingly, and, I thought, somewhat sorrowfully: "and we have passed that point", inferring that a voluntary dissolution of the League could hardly be expected. For the sake of its members, as well as for ours, I would that it could. But, since it cannot, I feel compelled to make a few comments regarding the statement in "Cross-Currents" concerning the Reece Committee.

The "preliminary report" to which it makes reference in paragraph one was written by me, voluntarily, and with the unanimous consent of the Committee as a whole - including Congressman Hays of Ohio. This is the report which I have just mentioned as having been criticized by Mr. Edelsberg for its objectivity - a fault which, as he himself expressed it to me, need not have occurred had I turned to him for help in preparing it.

It was I, and not Mr. Reece who proposed the appearance of Aaron Sargent, Esq., as a witness. I made this proposal because of my satisfaction that he comprehended the subject under consideration and of my confidence in his ability to present it.

From my study of American History - which I believe has been more than ordinarily extensive - I did not glean that "the promise of American democracy" had been "the mainstream of American thought", as Messrs. Forster and Epstein claim, but that this concept had been rejected by our original statesmen in favor of a Republic. Their reason for rejecting it was their belief that, ultimately, democracy would degenerate into tyranny by the majority.

I might add, time seems to have proved them right - making it quite evident that neither wind, nor rain, nor sleet, nor snow - nor the Anti-Defamation League - can

stay this immortal fallacy from the swift infection of its inherent ills.

To return to our subject: It was in June 1916 that I completed my first course in "AMERICAN HISTORY AND CIVICS," as it was then called, at Carteret Academy, a country Day School for boys in Orange, New Jersey. Because my marks had been satisfactory, my professor permitted me to take the College Board Examination then required by Yale. I anticipated passing it and going to Andover in September with that college-entrance requirement disposed of satisfactorily.

After carefully reading its twelve questions, I was shocked to realise that I could answer *none*. Had the subject been Nuclear Physics, I would hardly have known less. I even remember looking at the title of the paper to make sure it read "American History." It did. And I failed.

This unexpected experience made quite an impression upon me. It was my first and only failure. I thought about it a great deal. I wondered about it throughout that entire Summer, even after I learned that no one from Carteret, or any school like it, had passed the test. I still wondered after I heard that the professor responsible for it had been requested to resign from the College Board.

That Autumn I went to Andover, but it was a full year before I could repeat this course in History. My professor's description of the study which we were about to pursue bore a striking resemblance to the form of the examination questions which I had been unable to answer some fifteen months earlier. I heard him say: "Here at Andover we teach American History differently from other schools. Here, we will not be concerned with learning *what* happened. We shall concern ourselves only with *why*."

He confounded me further when he went on to explain that we would use no textbook, but would *write our own* by studying topics which he would assign, from library references he would select. In retrospect, it is interesting to recall that there were at least two references for each topic, one of which invariably contradicted the other, forcing us to interpret American history for ourselves. While this made the course extremely difficult and extraordinarily time-consuming, it was rewarding as it not only served to integrate the elements of the curriculum to which I was then exposed, but to focus my attention upon our country and the ideals for which it stood. It alerted me to the importance of the question: WHY ?

By this time you must know my professor was the one whose examination in American History I had been unable to pass. His name was Archibald Freeman - a truly great historian, now no longer with us. I shall never forget him, nor shall I cease to be grateful to this unique educator for having awakened in me the wisdom of questioning - and pursuing answers.

This experience made my studies doubly interesting, of greater significance later at Yale, and of real worth when I entered the business world upon graduation in 1921. I found myself judging the many activities of that world in terms of their contribution to, or impairment of, the tenets embodied in our Founding Documents.

Another deep impression was left upon me when I was on the staff of one of our larger metropolitan banks,

which I had joined in June of 1925. From this vantage point I could see how disabled people had become in the management of their own affairs. I could see, too, how impossible it was for the banks to make up this deficiency, in spite of prodigious efforts on their part to solicit the opportunity to do so. I was surprised to see the rapid deterioration of the ability of the individual to perform this important duty of a sovereign citizen, for - *it is important that the sovereign citizen hold the reins to the wealth which he possesses. In passing them to another, he becomes the other's slave.*

There is an adage which runs: "The will of the sovereign citizen is the will of his creditors." Unfortunately, the truth embodied in this statement is rapidly being brought home to us as a people.

The seriousness of this condition was made apparent to me just before the market crashed in October of 1929 - a condition which, in my opinion, need never have developed. The bank with which I was affiliated had acknowledged the need for action in the interest of its depositors, but decided against taking that action on the ground that it might shake the confidence of the public in our economy as a whole if such a prominent institution as it was were to act contrary to the general trend.

In the face of this capitulation to fundamentally irrelevant circumstances, I was impressed when Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Senior, a retired banker and former Ambassador, called on the bank in person and directed it to dispose of every security then held in his trusts - and to reinvest the proceeds in bonds of the United States Government. Gratuitously, he added that he wished these trusts to remain so invested until he directed otherwise - a step which he said he did not contemplate taking for at least *fifteen years*.

In the light of the drastic events which followed - the market crash within the month, the depression, the assumption of economic responsibility by the Federal Government, and our grant of powers as a consequence - Mr. Morgenthau's action, which contrasted so sharply with that of the bank, assumed great significance. To me, it seemed he knew what he was doing - and why. He did not appear to be "following a hunch," nor the advice of others. The impression he gave was one of confidence *in his own judgement*.

It was this impression which convinced me there was a basis for that judgement - that what he knew, others could know, that it was the duty of individuals to be held responsible for the management of their own wealth, and that it was the function of banks, *not* to carry the burden for them, but to *assist them in shouldering this responsibility* so that they, as individuals, might remain "sovereign citizens."

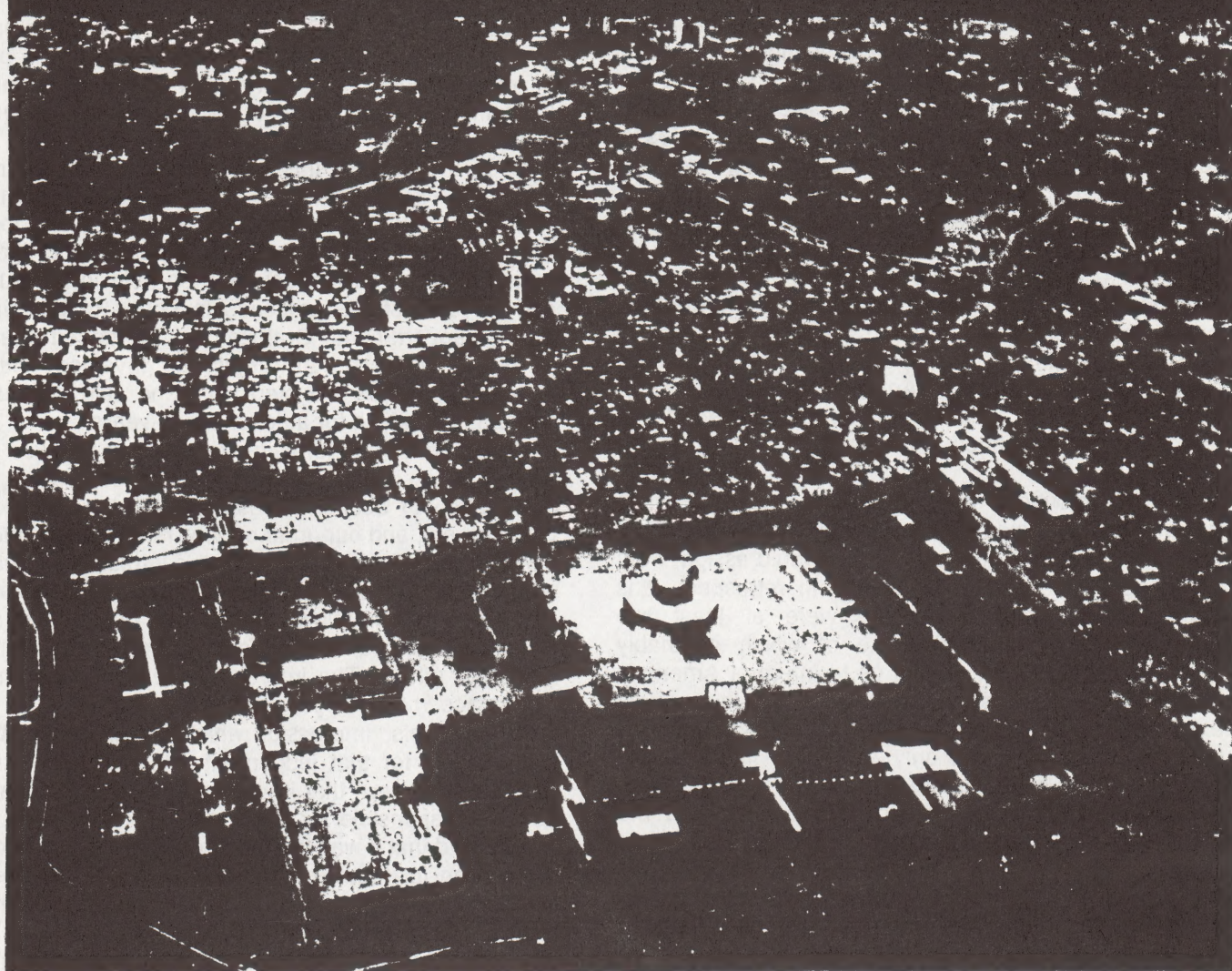
I decided to justify my conviction. I began a long and serious study for this purpose. I suspected that the failure of our financial institutions to know how to render this assistance was the reason for turning to the Federal Government for help. If my suspicion were correct, there here lay the clue to a means for reversing this deplorable and un-American trend. Here, too, should lie the answer to the questions: *Why* were we - a people who had once known freedom and been vested with sovereignty - *voluntarily* relinquishing this heritage ? And where should we begin so that we might resist this tendency and reverse it ?

(concluded next issue....)

صورة للمحرم الشريف في القدس وتدل أن زيل من هذا مسجد الصخرة
المشرفة والمسجد الأقصى المبارك وحل محلها هيكل سليمان
ويوزع في مجلة شركة الخطوط الجوية الإسرائيلية "العال"

*A photograph showing Dome of the Rock and Al-Aqsa mosque
in Jerusalem, obliterated and replaced by Solomon's Temple.*

*The photograph is being circulated to public in the Israeli
Airlines EL-AL magazine.*



TUNNELS AND THE TEMPLE

Blackshirt writes:-

When I was in Amman, the capital of Jordan, en route to Baghdad, shortly before the Gulf "War", I met representatives of the Palestine Liberation Organisation, including the PLO Ambassador to Jordan, who presented me with various documents. Among these was one titled *PLAN:- The Judaization of the Holy Places* which was printed by the PLO's Unified Information Service. It consists simply of the two pictures reproduced above and shows graphically the Jewish programme taken to its

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logical and *timetabled* conclusion. (Whether this time table can be kept to must be the weakest part of this programme at present).

Indeed we are not revealing any great secret here, after all the picture on page 9 appeared in the in-flight magazine of EL-AL the Israeli state airline. We are using the pictures here because they illustrate very well the true motives behind recent events in Jerusalem. Here I refer to the "great tunnel controversy" which has already led to the deaths of at least 60 Palestinians and 20 Israeli soldiers. Put simply the Jewish intention is to declare a *totally Jewish* Jerusalem

firstly the capital of Israel, and later the Headquarters and spiritual centre of the New World Order, a moment to be crowned with the rebuilding and re-dedication of The Temple.

The efforts being made to clear all other religions and peoples out of Jerusalem are on a truly massive and naturally brutal scale. Indeed it is a process that goes back well before the actual founding of the State of Israel in 1948. For years before that infamous day, using the power of their purse, Jewish organisations set up for the express purpose (and still operating today), have been buying houses and land

from Arab owners in the Old City. The amount of money offered is staggering. One New York based organisation will pay up to \$2 million dollars for a simple Arab home in a back street of the Old City. The temptation to sell is immense. However, where an Arab, for principle, will not sell, he may find that the deeds of ownership of his property mysteriously disappear from the government archives. Heads I win, tails you loose. Once a building is obtained, armed settlers with thick Brooklyn accents move in and begin to terrorise their remaining Arab neighbours and so it goes on. Some may remember the very moving footage on television a few years ago showing the elderly Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem being assaulted in a street of the Old City and left bruised and dazed in the gutter with the pieces of his large ceremonial cross in his hands and strewn about him. The Jews who assaulted him took great pleasure in *that* final humiliation of the old man. The Patriarch, with some of his priests and supporters, had rallied to support his Arab neighbours who were being attacked by these settlers.

One of the greatest thorns in the side of the Jews has long been the presence of the al-Aqsa mosque, the Dome of the Rock and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre- sites revered by Jews, Muslims and Christians. The al-Aqsa is the third holiest site in Islam and since the 1930's Palestinians have fought physically to protect it. Indeed in 1990, when an attempt was made to lay the foundation stone of the Temple by militant Jews with the connivance of the Israeli government who were "testing the water", 17 Palestinians died fighting to prevent this outrage.

Trying a different tack the Israeli authorities have now opened a tunnel (archeological they say), having forced through a new entrance in the Old City which will enable up to 400,000 tourists a year to scramble about under the ancient, fragile buildings. Indeed the tunnel is not a tunnel at all in the sense we would understand, say a subterranean 'passage', but is an old water carrier from Hasmonean, and *post* biblical. This alleged "tunnel" linking the Via Dolorosa directly to the Wailing Wall and passing under the al-Aqsa mosque is the most obvious act of provocation in this war of attrition so far. This is not the beginning of the "archeological" story though. For years the Haram has been dug up, and burrowed under, "...in 1910, when Montague Brownlow Parker, son of the Earl of Morley, bribed his way on to the Haram and was found hacking at the sacred rock with a pickaxe. For days afterwards there were (Muslim) riots in Jerusalem.....The struggle for the land continues, and it is significant that some of the most celebrated Israeli archeologists, such as Yigal Yadin and Moshe Dayan, were also high-ranking generals. When the Israelis conquered Jerusalem in 1967, archeology immediately became part of their annexation of the city." (The Sunday Times 29th September 1996).

I have underlined the last part of the quote from *The Sunday Times* because it is of the utmost importance. A growing number of people are convinced that the honeycombing of the Temple Mount with an ever increasing number of "archeological" tunnels portends no less than the eventual collapse of the existing structures to "pave" the way for the reconstruction of the Temple, as rebuilt by Herod and destroyed by the Romans in AD70.

Indeed even the press are getting the gist of all this. The *Daily Telegraph* 15/5/96 headlined a major article "No room for Arabs as Israelis bulldoze path to the new

Jerusalem". This article included the statement "America's new Republican-controlled Congress unexpectedly opened a new front last week, when it presented a Bill to move its embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem".

GREATER JERUSALEM.....

Meanwhile, the building of Jewish settlements in a ring around the Holy City continues at a terrific rate with the specific intention of creating Greater Jerusalem. The biggest Jewish settlement is to the east of the Holy City, "...Ma'ale Adumin, sprawls across the hills overlooking the road to Jericho. Founded in the late Seventies, the township already has some 20,000 residents and its mayor, Benny Kashriel, is confident that it will reach its target of 60-70,000 in 15 years. He has every reason for optimism. Ma'ale Adumin's municipal boundaries are enormous: more than 16,000 acres of land have been bought, confiscated, or declared state property, and even when fully developed, only a third will be occupied by housing and industry.....As in Gush Etzion, the town is being bound to Jerusalem by new roads, bypassing Arab villages and sweeping through uninhabited areas to join the burgeoning Jewish neighbourhood of French Hill in new Jerusalem." (The Guardian 8th July 1995).

ZIONISM

The diffusion of centuries has weakened neither the racial unity nor messianic urge of the Talmudic Jewish people; By their rejection and crucifixion of the True Messiah, they brought upon themselves the destruction of the Temple and their occupation of the Promised Land but they never lost the vision of their satanic ambition. Century after century has seen the translation of the Talmudic trained genius into the professions, major commerce and, above all, into the shadowy yet omnipotent world of international usury. By the dawn of the twentieth century however, corporate identity was shedding at the fringes as rabbis, preaching "distinctiveness" to the Jews and "integration" to the rest, discovered among their people a longing to join the world. With many Jews sincerely espousing the countries of their adoption, Talmudic Law was no longer an adequate focal point.

Whatever its origins (no space here !), Zionism was by 1900 well known, though few 'British' Jews seemed to enthuse. Yet by 1915, incredulous British Cabinet Ministers heard a deputation, Rothschild-led, demand the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine. Not only was Palestine Turkish-occupied but it was the *undisputed* Fatherland of another, truly semitic, race, the Arabs, and Herbert Asquith, (PM at the time) gracefully declined the poisoned chalice. The unforeseen (by most) occurred in 1917, Balfour, leader of the Conservative Party, declared for a Jewish National Home in Palestine, thus disregarding the pledge given two years before by Sir Henry MacMahon that, in return for Bedouin fighting support, Palestine, in any case Arab populated, would be theirs. Here was a political confidence trick surpassed only by the antics of the MacMillan/MaCleod time in the Central Africa of 1961. Not merely British but American Zionists had intervened, for the price of the United States' entry into World War I was the "Balfour declaration and *ipso facto*, the creation of Israel in Arab homelands."

The Dream of Fascism: Benito Mussolini: will be concluded in the next issue.

--RUSSIAN RESURRECTION--

From Our Russian Correspondent

On the night of July 16 to 17, 1918, a volley of shots directed by the Jew Yurovsky obliterated one of Russia's greatest ever Czars, his family and several loyal friends and retainers in a squalid basement in the Urals town of Ekaterinberg. The regicide was planned by arch murderer Lenin-Ulyanoff and his clique of criminals (and of course those who bankrolled and controlled them) - that this bestial and cowardly act would end forever the illustrious house of Romanov which had ruled Russia for over three hundred years. Also, it was well known to the bankers that Russia alone and its courageous rulers was the last country in Europe which refused to surrender to the dictates of the Judeo-Masonic manipulators.

As Andrei Krylienکو writes in his excellent and inspired "Europe - Random Thoughts" the twentieth century was for Russia a long drawn out Calvary where everything Russian in Russia was annihilated according to Marx. In order to perpetuate its power the Communist regime destroyed one third of Russia's population, massacred the Clergy and officer corps, installed an informer system reaching to every home and even made it a criminal offence to hold in individual possession the National Flag of Russia, the white blue and red tricolour flag which millions of Russian servicemen had died to defend, from 1914 to 1917. Only as late as the 1980's did the National Colours re-emerge, adopted by anti-communist groups in St. Petersburg as the emblem that could unify Russia in opposition to Bolshevism.

Seventy years later what is the position in Russia now? Superficially at least it appears as though things are improving. Reality demonstrates something rather different. Although the true flag of Russia once again triumphantly flies from the Kremlin and Winter Palace the perception of Russian sovereignty over Russia is an illusion. For the materialist and immoral, atheistic chaos currently enveloping Russia is almost as bad as Communism undoubtedly was, and ultimately is endangered by the same organisms that formulated all the one thousand and one varieties of Socialism. Many thinking Russians regard the last legitimate ruler of Russia this century as His Imperial Majesty, the Czar-Martyr, St. Nicholas II and ultimately look to the re-establishment of the monarchy as the only way for Russia out of chaos. There is a very real and tangible Monarchist movement today, particularly in the rural areas, North and Central Siberia, and the Armed Forces, always the repository of Russia's strength and honour. Of course the financiers do not want a genuine Monarchist revival in Russia. Another Nicholas II is the last thing they require. They would much rather have a puppet - poodle - monarch such as currently exists in some Western countries. The strength of Monarchist feeling is carefully nurtured by those who cherish the hope - as I do - that one day soon we will see a great Czar crowned.

In effect, by murdering our Czar the Reds generated a legend, for he is now a Saint of the Orthodox Church. Recently events snowballed and several organisations have begun to spearhead the struggle in Russia. This summer, (much to the horror of the *Guardian* newspaper correspondent who was present) a statue of Czar Nicholas II was unveiled to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of his coronation in 1896. "Black robed monks sang the old Russian national anthem ('God Save the Czar') to the accompaniment of bells.....the wind howled across the

speakers, microphones and great square banners, Russian tricolours, and standards emblazoned with avenging angels and stern Christs and the slogan "We are Russia -- God is with us" flapped noisily about the press of Cossacks, Monarchists and devout women with headscarves." Even allowing for the absurdly exaggerated hostility so typical of the "liberal" press what clearly emerges is the strength of popular feeling for the Monarchy in Russia today. Most Russian people hate Communism with a passionate intensity which can only be compared to the loathing and disgust they feel for Finance Capitalism which opens the floodgates to immorality (a la Americain - of course) greed and all the sick vices (such as homosexuality) that currently beset Europe and America. They are well aware that a return to monarchy and the true God Fearing and Righteous traditions of Holy Russia is the one and only True Path. The Jewish Revolution imposed upon Russia, from outside Russia's boundaries, in 1917 grievously wounded, but did not destroy the Russian nation which is in the process of picking itself up and preparing to resume the natural path of Russian history so cruelly interrupted then.

It is our profound hope that Russia once again be blessed with so great a sovereign as Czar Nicholas II. After seventy years of communist brainwashing and propaganda history is at last recognising his true worth. For example, the Czar expended almost every rouble of his own personal fortune in pursuance of Russian national objectives in the First World War, and on useful and generous minded functions such as hospital building and the provision of hospital trains for the war fronts, charitable causes, donations to churches, poor relief and substantial backing to the early Russian Photographic Foundation. (The first ever colour photographs produced were made in Russia, by Nikolai Prodkhin-Gorsky in 1908, with generous funds made available for this pioneering work by the Czar who suggested that colour plates be made from every corner of the Russian Empire as a celebration of the Russian genius. I myself have seen these photographs, a beautiful testament to the twin genius and far sightedness of both our Czar and Prodkhin-Gorsky).

The Czar was always inclined to mercy and kindness. When several hundred people were tragically killed in a civil disaster at Khodyanka Meadow in 1896 Nicholas personally paid for the funerals of all the victims - some five hundred people. Once the fog of Marxian hatred is dispersed forever, the real monarch can be perceived - a man of compassion and greatness, devoted to family and country - indeed a man that Russia can be proud of forever, a real Russian hero and Saint. (The foregoing are the actions of a great and civilised man. I do not find any references to the Marxists, in particular Lenin and his creature Stalin, paying for the funerals of impoverished people of Russian blood. Doubtless as Lenin was directly responsible for the murder of thirty million Russians this would a very weighty debt to pay).

It is worth saying that Russia never had - or has - hostile intention towards Western people as individuals - only to iniquitous finance capitalism and usury, forbidden by the Law of God, that reduces whole peoples and nations to debt and thralldom. Russian Monarchists believe that the future of their homeland can best be served by three great eternal principles, these being, Firstly, a National unifying religion, in this case being Orthodox Christianity; Secondly, the re-

establishment of the Autocracy, preferably in the person of the Grand Duke Georgi Romanov who is the legal heir to the Throne of All Russia; and Thirdly, prerogative of the issue of money, and its control by the Monarch and definitively Russian institutions. Of course a long struggle lies ahead but equally the course of Russian history demonstrates the inevitability of the Monarchist victory. May God give them the victors crown and grant them **Many Years**.

Pavel Bykov. 1996.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR

by Victor T. Walkley

The Lord's Prayer is the most widely read and recited of prayers, but often misunderstood and has been subject to interpretation that serves to weaken Christians when opposed by those who seek by every means to destroy the Christian Church. There are four petitions relating to ourselves, and the one that is subject to abuse by the opponents of Christianity is "forgive us our iniquities, as we should also forgive those who sin against us" (Aramaic version) and St. Matthew (vi.25) "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors". Malicious and false misrepresentation by those who attempt blatant attacks on Christians, and then have the gall to demand "forgiveness". This brainwashing by the liberal-lefties has developed to such an extent that some clerics even preach and sustain the notion of 'Love thy neighbour and forgive everyone their sins'. This heresy has led to multi-faith worship, and has caused distress and heart-searching amongst the faithful.

Those of us who believe as creationists and accept the revealed Word of God in the Biblical text there is no difficulty in the interpretation of "forgiveness" or "love thy neighbour". Humankind cannot forgive; in terms of spiritual forgiveness, only the Trinity can forgive, and certainly God does not demand Christians to forgive malefactors and evil doers to the extent that these killers, terrorists and hellhounds are forgiven and set free into society to repeat their crimes. Those who permit these people to multiply their crimes are themselves guilty of a greater sin.

St. Augustine says of the Lord's Prayer, 'Oratio fraterna est' - It is a family group prayer' (Greek, *phrater* - a clansman) and is a prayer amongst brothers and sisters of Christian faith. The prayer expresses a petition by members of the same Christian family, all interested in one another's welfare. It is within that context we pray - "forgive us", "lead us". Nowhere do we find 'forgive everyone'. The prayer is definitive and absolute. We are not taught to 'forgive everyone'; the prayer is directed to those within the Christian family group. There are of course those of other faiths actively trying to destroy our Church, our freedoms, our way of life in the Christian community and a faith on which our Common Law has been founded. It is thus their claim that "these Christians will have to forgive every crime" echoes loud in the corridors of Westminster and amongst the liberal-lefties. "Whatever is done we will be forgiven by the goyim" is another ploy repeated by those who consider themselves to be God's own chosen people.

In the ancient liturgies of the Jews the phrase "as we forgive them that trespass against us" is not to be found. The Seder Tephilloth, Book of Musar and daily prayer include much of what is found in the Aramaic version of the Lord's Prayer, but there is no mention of forgiving them that

trespass against us. Study of the Koran and the Sheriat (Sharia - the Islamic religious law) will reveal similar divergence, despite the pro-multifaith lobbyists and the expressed wish of Prince Charles to abandon the faith that underpins the monarchy and adopt the title of 'protector' of all faiths.

The One World Order will of course attempt to justify their purpose by reciting the "love thy neighbour" platitude, although 'neighbour' in this context does not mean any person who simply dwells near another, it is the kin-relationship of brothers and sisters within the Christian faith.*

In addition to the double-speak nonsense of 'loving and forgiving everyone' the family itself is under attack. The family is considered only as an economic unit in the New Order system and valued accordingly to its ability to pay its way in terms of bankers' usury and market manipulation. Love thy neighbour is the theme; if you are robbed, vandalised or your family murdered by extremists, you will be told to forgive them both by Church and State.

Those converts to the Christian faith, and who have been persecuted in their own country, their families tortured and murdered, Churches burnt, come to this country to seek refuge amongst a Christian community. How tragic that they should find on their arrival that those same fundamentalists and persecutors of the Christians are receiving privilege and preferential treatment by an indulgent Home Office and a bunch of cretins in various City Halls. What must the reaction of these refugees from persecution be when they see 'political correctness' taken to such extremes of idiocy that exhibition of truly Christian illuminations in the streets are abandoned at Christmastide for fear of upsetting the ethnic aliens, yet the 'Eid' Islamic festivals are warmly celebrated. How the sword of Divine Justice will sweep when the harvest is ripe!

(* "Love thy neighbour" was no platitude: after Jesus had told his disciples, "Blessed are the eyes that see the things that you see. For I say to you, that many prophets and kings have desired have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them; and to hear the things that you hear and have not heard them." Then: "A certain lawyer stood up, tempting Him, and saying 'Master what must I do to possess eternal life?' To which Our Lord replied, "What is written in the law?" He answering said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." Jesus said he had answered correctly and that if he did all that he would live eternally. But the sceptic, still trying to justify himself, asked satirically, "and who is my neighbour?" Where upon, Jesus told the now famous parable of the man who on the journey down from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves; was beaten up and left for dead by the wayside, where two travellers following on the same journey, saw him: first came a priest and later a Levite; both saw the helpless victim and both passed by regardless. Then came a Samaritan, (considered by the Jews to be a member of an outcast people condemned to be damned) and he it was who succoured the wounded man, had him carried to an inn, paid the landlord for his care until he, the Samaritan should return when he would reimburse the innkeeper for any extra he was owed. "Which of these three," asked Jesus, "in thine opinion, was neighbour to the man who fell among thieves?" What could the sceptic say, but, "He that showed mercy to

him." St. Luke who included this tale in his gospel was obviously not in a position to know whether the lawyer did "go and do likewise" as the Lord enjoined him, but he was an obstinate fool as are so many of us, if he did not. *Editor.*)

OBITUARY CASIMIR MARMADUKE de BOUNEVIALLE D.F.C.



(A pencil portrait of "Cas" by a Polish fellow inmate of Oflag III - 1945)

August 27th, 1996, was a sad day for your Editor; it was the day her brother, Casimir, died quite suddenly after a short illness.

I have no sisters and he was my only and elder brother so forgive me for recording his nature and some of his deeds for a memorial in *Candour* as an inspiration in an unforgiving world.

He was born in 1913, and was two months off his third birthday when he was introduced to his "baby" sister whom he took a very dim view of since some stupid maid told him that his mother was going to stay upstairs with the baby forever. When this proved a fallacy, he rushed round the house (a large one) in ecstasy, shouting "Mamma's downstairs". Not a good introduction.... and when he found.... "She can't talk, walk or play; what's the use of her ?". Our mother explained that I might improve so he resigned himself to guarding me from the vicissitudes of infant life and ordering the way I should go. When I was five years old, he asked if I could go to Mass on Sunday and when my mother said, "Wasn't I too young ?" he said he would look after me and see that I behaved properly; so we were exemplary parishoners.

One day when he was about 10 he told us he had seen on his way home from school, a pile of pennies left on a wall beside the footpath, "Oh !" says I, let me see." But he had left them where they were "In case whoever owned them had forgotten them and would come back to fetch them !" Years later, when he was in the witness box in the High

Court of King's Bench giving evidence concerning the misdeeds of a bank that was bent on robbing us of our property, the Judge told the defending Q.C., that one had only to look at this witness to see that he would be incapable of lying. Perhaps his large grin, R.A.F. moustache and D.F.C. ribbon had something to do with that.

When we were children, there never seemed to be any little girls about, so I was the "other rank" amongst "officers" and "N.C.O.'s" condemned to obeying everyone's orders, except when we played trench warfare in which we knelt behind barricades of garden furniture, and heaved clods of earth at one another: all were equal, there were no prisoners or wounded, if you were hit, you were dead. So: No Cheating: Tell the Truth: Stick to the Faith: And Never Say Die were the four adjuncts added by my brother to *The Ten*.

Bounevialle Senior was a Civil and Mechanical Engineer of genius but after being cheated out of his justly earned dues by both the firms he had made prosperous by his contributions to their production efficiency, he determined never again to be employed by anyone except his wife (as all cash and property was in her name and care.) Through various enterprises they managed to survive and even progress but at the beginning there was, of course, little to spare for the childrens' schooling. As infants we both attended cut-price convents where I continued when Cas went on scholarships. First to a Secondary school run by Xavarian Brothers and from there to the Regent Street Polytechnic. At the former he matriculated at sixteen and at the latter obtained a B.S.C. Eng. Degree with Honours at the age of nineteen, after which there was nothing to do but "Work with Father" until the resumption of the "War to End Wars" loomed and the aircraft industry among others was allowed to revive. He really wanted to fly but there was as yet no opportunity, so he joined the Aeronautical Inspection Department known as A.I.D. which by 1939 was a reserved occupation so he left that as soon as war was declared and enlisted in the R.A.F. to be trained as an aircraft pilot, and "made it" to Southern Rhodesia.

He found that learning to fly was the hardest thing he had ever done but the navigation was easy; for his peers, the reverse seemed to be the case. However, at the end of the course he passed second overall with 92%. Those first and third were commissioned at once; Cas became a Sergeant/Pilot.

Last year, 1995, was published a book called *The Armed Rovers* by Roy C. Nesbit, telling of the exploits of Beauforts and Beaufighters over the Mediterranean: "By far the most dangerous of the R.A.F. activities during the Second World War were the daylight attacks on enemy shipping according to the official returns of casualties yet little has been written about these dramatic events." Thus: on the dust cover. From this book, and no other source, did his family learn of the personal exploits of Casimir Marmaduke de Bounevialle ! Except once, captaining a post-war charter flight down Africa searching for a remote temporary airstrip he had made an unerring landfall when it would have been easy to stray: afterwards "jugging up" in the night-stop bar with the crew who were expressing appreciation, Cas, to their amused surprise, pronounced emphatically: "Good navigators are born and not made: and I am a bloody good navigator." *In vino veritas.*

Thus, says *The Armed Rovers*: "....one of the Pilots in the Fighter Section" (of 227 Squadron) "was a new

Sergeant who bore the impressive name of Casimir Marmaduke de Bouneville, an Englishman of distant French descent. This name was too much for his R.A.F. friends, who abbreviated it to 'Cas'. He was twenty-nine years of age, and, in 1941, had trained on Harvards and Ansons in Southern Rhodesia, later flying in Oxfords at the Advanced Flying Unit at South Cerney in Gloucestershire. After O.T.U. at Catfoss, where he had converted to Blenheims and Beaufighters, he travelled on a troop ship to Lagos, from where he was flown to Cairo in an Armstrong Whitworth Ensign, a four-engined airliner belonging to B.O.A.C. In September 1942, he had been a passenger in a Dakota ordered to fly from Malta but the aircraft crashed on take-off." So it was from Cairo, courtesy of B.O.A.C. he finally arrived in Derna and 227 Squadron with which he flew two tours, and in between them to his and his navigator's surprise, they were appointed as personal crew to Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, the C in C Mediterranean Air Command. Afterwards they returned to 227 to continue the second tour. They were shot down near the end of the tour near enough to Athens to escape, aided by Greek "underground", being shipped to Aleppo and thence flown to Cairo and Derna. Three months later Cas and his navigator, "Gillie" Potter, were again shot down and this time picked up by the Germans just before they pulled out of Greece leaving their prisoners behind except for aircrew who were flown to Frankfurt via Zagreb, Vienna and Budapest, finally to be placed in Oflag III at Luckenwald (*not* Buchenwald). The Germans abandoned the camp when the Russian arrival was imminent so Cas rather than wait for it went to meet the approaching Americans and spent the last months of the war queuing for food in makeshift camps behind the "allied" lines unlike, the defeated Germans who were left in their thousands to die of starvation. Those P.O.W.'s who waited to be "liberated" by our Eastern "allies" were packed off to Odessa by the Russians, "Gillie" among them, and were not seen at home until eight months had passed.

For the rest, Cas continued to fly, first for a private transport company set up with two friends and when most private Charter Companies were legislated out of existence he pursued his career in South Africa, New Zealand, and the West Indies and finally at home in England until retirement on the "pension granted by a grateful country."

He married in 1956 and remained wed happily to his wife and family for the rest of his natural life.

My Brother: God keep him.

Forgotten Heroes to be "Honoured" and "Sung"

Shaka, King of the Zulus, Chief of thirty thousand of the most strictly disciplined warriors in the world gazed in open-eyed amazement at John Ross, aged fourteen years. This mere child with no companions but two kaffir servants had just announced, almost casually, that he was on his way to Delagoa Bay.

The year was 1825, the place was Shaka's huge chief kraal, appropriately named Bulawayo (the place of the killing) appropriately because though the Zulu Chief was a very great man, he was also a great savage and had forced his way to eminence in the way of savages. Through rivers of blood, this once despised, illegitimate Shaka (worm) had fought his way to the lordship of his whole nation and then to the mastery of every neighbouring tribe. His genius for war

and his iron will made his name at once a pride and a terror to both friends and foes. His own people, men and women, were subjected to training and discipline of unparalleled rigour and harshness. Instant obedience was demanded and given. The inevitable consequence of failure, error or even momentary weakness was death. Death, not only for the offender but for all his family too, lest the least inadequacy should mar the supremacy of the Zulu nation. In Shaka's philosophy there were three virtues: faith, loyalty and courage - and the greatest of these was courage. As may be guessed, this ferocious but just monarch was not a man unaware of his own greatness, nor had he ever had occasion to acknowledge any man his equal, much less his superior, but the cool bearing of the young Scot before him filled him with almost superstitious awe.

Here was this child whose only weapon was his gun (the inventor of the deadly stabbing assegai preferred cold steel) proposing to travel four hundred miles through lonely bush-land and pathless wilderness to beg medicines from the Portuguese for the sick Master and crew of a wrecked brig stranded on the beach at Port Natal. He was the only member of the ship's company well enough to make the journey, John explained to the interested Monarch, so - provided with two native servants, he had set out. The two kaffirs, useless weaklings in Zulu eyes, seemed to have complete faith in the ability of their youthful master to bring them safely through every danger where they might expect to meet with nothing but hostility from man, beast and nature.

Shaka's admiration was great. His visitor was showing an abundance of the Zulu's most venerated virtue and deserved to succeed in his enterprise, but; "What can courage alone do against the terrible hazards he will have to face?" asked the King of his warriors, and straightway ordered two companies of his crack troops to escort the boy to his destination. Elephant tusks for trade with the Portuguese were provided and messengers sent ahead to arrange grain and meat rations as far as Shaka's dominions extended. Everything Shaka could do to help he did and when all was ready and the time came for the expedition to start he said to Ross, "By what means would you have prevailed over the difficulties without my help?" And the boy again delighted him by replying, "My head, my heart and my gun". Nor was Shaka to be disappointed in his proteges justification of his words.

Sixty days and nights the little company traversed the rolling uplands, crossed the rushing rivers and trotted through unexplored bush and snake-infested woods, triumphing over both "noon-day devils" and alarms by night in the forms of wild and predatory humans and wilder hungry beasts. When one remembers that all Shaka's warriors were full-grown battle veterans whose training was so tough that they had been known to march fifty miles a day for six consecutive days, the endurance and determination of a schoolboy who had lately spent weeks cooped up in a brig at sea was something that other people than long-dead Zulus should marvel at.

When, after two adventurous months, Ross and his savage escort arrived intact at Delagoa Bay, the astonished Portuguese were full of suspicion. "A likely tale", they thought. What Christian would send a child on such a terrible journey with only the minions of the legendary Shaka for company? In the confusion of the moment they considered clapping the lot into goal as spies and augers of a savage

invasion. However, when at last convinced of the truth of the story and the peaceful and humane intentions of the embassy, they were far more impressed by John Ross's apparent conquest of the ferocious figure of the Zulu chief than anything else. To people who trembled at the mere mention of the name of Shaka, a thousand-mile detour through the wilderness would have been infinitely preferable to meeting such a monster face to face. John Ross was a hero!

Which is exactly what the Zulus thought when he called at Bulawayo on the return journey to recount the success of his mission and to thank his benefactor for making it possible. Shaka told him that it was own bravery that was responsible - for though the King could bear the deaths of many ordinary people with equanimity, the death of a man so courageous would have filled him with sorrow. "For you are a man now though your body be that of a boy."

When Ross had left to rejoin his shipmates at Port Natal, Shaka said to his Council, "If their children are like that what must their men be like ! Small wonder that they brave the ocean waves which fill our bravest warriors with fear. True, we only fear that which we do not know but these white people do not even fear that."

Shaka never forgot the lesson and perhaps his good relations with the British and anxiety to learn from them, was in some part due to the heroism of the Scottish schoolboy, which seems to have been taken so very much for granted by his countrymen. No memorial marks his achievement: the great highway from Durban to Delagoa Bay follows the trail he blazed with so much travail but no present-day traveller becomes aware of this inspiring fact unless he learns it from the traditions of the Zulus who remember John Ross as:- The Hero.

R de B.

THE ULTIMATE IN BARBARISM ?

Have the madmen reached the nadir of de-civilisation in this topsy-turviest of worlds to which "they" have progressed through the discovered wonders of science or are their des(s)erts yet to come ? What shall we eat when "they" decree that vegetables must be banned from the kitchen and dining tables on vegetarian grounds ? Perhaps it will have to be Franz Fishler and his like, since "measures extending the present ban on possibly infected meat and offal to sheep, goats and deer are being drawn up by him - The European Union's Agricultural Commissioner" - (*Daily Telegraph* 23rd July 1996) - or if they are too tough, should we try the human sheep who so meekly switched to lamb from the "banned" beef ? They should be soft enough. Cannibalism seems to be the only dietary answer now that four-legged sheep, goats and deer are declared E.U. suspects; we poor English, however, may easily find ourselves "victimised" in the competition for "long joints" such as are said to have appeared on dining tables during the famine caused by the Thirty Years War in the Seventeenth century, as we suffer the added disadvantage of having no traditional lore in the arts and crafts of "finding, fixing and butchering the spoils of warfare" but no doubt "necessity being the mother of..." etc, our "scientists" will soon get the hang of "the new game", and be able to save their masters "and hopefully" themselves, from the cooking pot.

R de B.

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1996 has been a difficult and expensive year for *Candour*. Postal charges have increased once again as have our printers' bills. We have not increased our subscription costs for 4 years but may have to review the situation in the New Year.

We have put a lot of effort and money into expanding the circulation of *Candour* and advertising *The New Unhappy Lords* (which is due for a reprint, minimum cost £3,000 !). At a time when there is renewed interest in the work of A.K. Chesterton, a new biography this year *Ideology of Obsession* by Prof. David Baker for example, we would be very foolish not to take full advantage of the situation.

The library has also been an expensive business and money still has to be found for more decorating materials, timber, shelving brackets, etc.

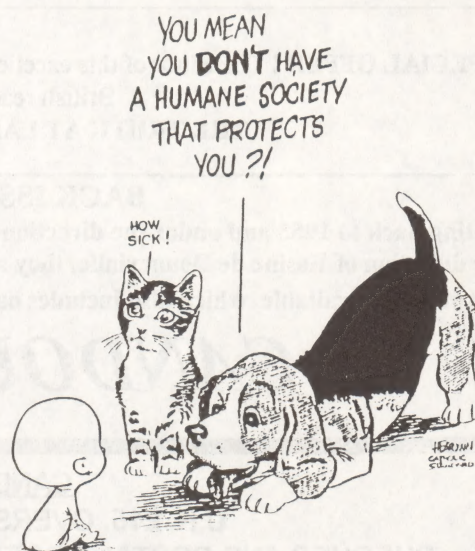
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The unborn child - and where it ranks



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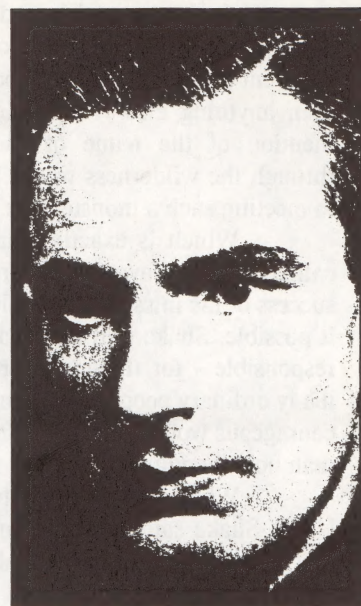
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